



THE HUNTERS OF KENTUCKY.

Ye gentlemen and ladies fair,
Who grace this famous city,
Just listen, if ye've time to spare,
While I rehearse a ditty;
And for the opportunity,
Conceive yourselves quite lucky,
For 'tis not often that ye see
A hunter from Kentucky.
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

We are a hardy free born race,
Each man to fear a stranger,
Whate'er the game, we join the chase,
Deepening toil and danger;
And if a show for money,
Whate'er his strength and forces,
We'll show him that Kentucky boys
Are "alligator horses."

I suppose ye've read it in the prints,
How Packenham attempted
To make Old Hickory Jackson wince,
But soon his scheme repented;
For we with rifles ready cocked,
Thought such occasion lucky,
And soon around the general flocked
The hunters of Kentucky.

You've heard, I suppose, how New Orleans
Is famed for wealth and beauty—
Its girls are of all hues, it seems,
From snowy white to sooty;
So Packenham he made his brag,
If he in fight was lucky,
He'd have their gals and cotton bags,
In spite of Old Kentucky.

But Jackson, he was wide awake,
And wasn't scared at trifles,
For well he knew what aim we take
With our Kentucky rifles;
He led us down to Cypress swamp,
The ground was low and mucky;
There stood John Ball, in martial pomp,
And here was Old Kentucky.

A bank was raised to hide our breast,
Not that we thought of dying,
But then we always like to rest,
Unless the game is flying;
Behind it stood our little force—
None wished it to be greater,
For every man was half a horse,
And half an alligator.

They did not let our patience tire
Before they showed their faces—
We did not choose to waste our fire,
So saucily kept our places;
But when so near we saw them wink,
We thought it time to stop them;
And 'twould have done you good, I think,
To see Kentucky pop them.

They found, at last, 'twas vain to fight,
Where lead was all their booty,
And so they wisely took to flight,
And left us all the beauty;
And now, if danger e'er annoy,
Remember what our trade is,
Just send for us Kentucky boys,
And we'll protect you, ladies.
Oh! Kentucky, the hunters of Kentucky,
The hunters of Kentucky.

THE ATHLETES.

A CONTEST FOR A WIFE;
OR,
THE TRAPPER'S DAUGHTER.

In a mountain valley, snugly sheltered from northern winds, stood the little cottage of Gabriel Heath. Its occupant, an old deer hunter—had been a wanderer among the Ottawas. Without society, except their occasional companionship, and wholly wedded to a wild life, yet, as age came on him, he pined to return to his kind and wear social fetters.

Helena Heath inherited from her mother—the daughter of a Canadian hunter—both her name and the roaming spirit of her race. From the days of earliest recollection she had been at her father's side on the wild prairie, or ranging over the mountains.

The old hunter delighted in nothing more than predatory skirmishes with the Indians, who were wont to acknowledge the debt with interest. Once, with only two comrades, he was surrounded in his trapping lodge, and forced to stand a week's siege. Then the fearless conduct of his daughter, child as she was, won from him a hunter's praise and fatherly pride.

It was a singular training that she received; wandering over an uninhabited country with a rude hunter, shut out from education, and only taught to read and write by an accidental visit for a few weeks at a missionary station, without means of refinement, and having for the language of her mind only what could be learned from the voice of nature in her deepest seclusion. She loved the green woods and the mighty forests, for there her soul could live beyond the rough influence of the only life she had ever known.

Such was the character of our heroine when old Gabriel Heath exchanged his wandering life for a residence in the little cottage on the hill.

Here a few acres supplied him with many of the necessities of life, and he had an opportunity to follow, at his pleasure, the business of his youth; and comfort seemed to circle round the cottage home, whose exterior was rendered somewhat picturesque by the natural taste of the daughter.

In fine days old Heath tilted the ground, or hunted among the neighboring hills and by the side of the streams; and in pleasant weather he sat by the fireside, smoked his pipe, and told those stories of old adventures. A thriving village lay just behind the range of hills among which the cottage was nestled, though the cottagers formed but little society with its inhabitants.

Long exposure to the sun had veiled but not hidden Helena Heath's fair complexion with a rich olive, and added to her charms. Constant exposure had given firm-

ness and elasticity to her limbs. No wonder, then, though but seldom seen, and still more rarely addressed, she was deemed the belle of the surrounding country. Ramblers among the hills had noticed the fair cottager, and became infatuated with her beauty and naivete, and even become suitors for her hand; but they had all been repulsed. The bold and the adventurous she disliked for the coarseness which generally characterized them. With few of the different characters who constantly visited her, did she trouble herself to notice. Of this latter number the most prominent was Thomas Gifford, a young lawyer, who had opened his office in the village. Educated in an eastern university, and naturally of a retired cast of mind, Gifford had always avoided the world, and lived only with his books; consequently, but a part of his character had as yet been developed. In his eyes, the beautiful young cottager was the type of what the philosophers had long sought to find, and he determined to obtain the reality of the child freshness, while they could only conserve the ideal. He therefore resolved to amend his deficiencies in her eyes, and his sanguine nature hoped the rest.

Old Heath looked upon marriage as a necessary evil which all ought to endure sometime, and he was determined that none but a man after his own heart should possess his daughter, and the qualifications necessary, in his view, were strength and agility in many sports. He took no pains to conceal his determination, and it was surprising how suddenly such games rose in favor with the young villagers.

Time passed, and among those who had gained the applause of the old hunter, was a sturdy pioneer named Alexander Wilson, though as yet he had not shown any preference for the young forester. And time had also brought the heart of the young lawyer to the feet of the beautiful young cottager girl, while to her, his breathing of heart attachment had become an episode well cherished.

We have forgotten to mention that over the range of hills that formed the picturesque landscape about the mountain home, a noble river spread its limpid waters. Gifford had always enjoyed all the sports that can be gathered from a life of rural freedom.

Strong at the oar, unerring in the aim at target shot, and sinewy in the leaping wager, he had become quite a favorite, as well as the envy of his contemporaries.

In all of his manly feats, Helena Heath was the first to praise; and while her pride of his masculine acquirements was increasing, she could not but also feel admiration for his mental attainments, which, after all, found a something kindred and congenial in her own bosom.

One afternoon, as young Gifford was strolling along the shores of the stream above mentioned, he saw the favorite of old Heath, the trapper Wilson, push out in a skiff. Having frequently been brought in contact with him while pursuing their favorite feats of strength, Gifford, out of friendship, walked to the water's edge and wished him a pleasant voyage.

"It cannot but be pleasant such a day as this. Come, try a hand with us at the oar this splendid weather," returned Wilson.

The temptation was too great to be withstood, and Gifford stepped into the boat, which in a moment shot out upon the water, rising and falling with the waves, and yielding to the pressure of the oars. For a long time the breeze stiffened, and the two companions rested upon their oars, to enjoy the movement of the boat, as it tossed to and fro. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, and darting his horizontal rays across the troubled waters. At last Wilson said with a smile:

"It is now sunset and eventide. I have an engagement; let us return to land."

"Certainly," said my friend; "especially if your rendezvous be of an interesting nature; perchance with a lady-love."

"You are good at guessing," was the reply,
"You have, then, an evening treat?"

"Yes, with the prettiest girl in the country,"
Gifford thought of his beautiful Helena, and wished that his friend possessed one as fair and true. For a few moments both were silent, and then, as they approached the land, again commenced the conversation.

"My fair one is very fair. Though I am but a pioneer, I know how to value qualifications like hers."
"Ah!" replied his companion; "you are happy then; but tell me who this fair one is."

"It is a secret; none but you have been allowed even the whispering of such a relation," said Wilson.

"A secret sweet and precious," replied Gifford, laughing.
"But I, too, have a heart idol—one who is very kind, and pure as the Virgin. Now for a mutual exchange of secrets; confess your lady-love, and you shall know my own."

"You would force a confession," remarked Wilson.
"Very well; but as I have sworn not to utter her name, had I a scrap of paper I would write it, and then we could exchange."

Gifford produced a blank leaf from a memorandum, drew his pencil, and wrote the magic name. Wilson did likewise, and then they exchanged papers. Wilson read on his, "Helena Heath." Their eyes met; Wilson was embarrassed, Gifford pale with agitation and anger.

"Very well," Wilson at length said; "it seems that our mistresses are one and the same."

"Impossible!" I know Helena Heath too well," returned Gifford. "All you have said of her is false."

Wilson had all the subdued spirit of the restless adventurer. His embarrassment vanished, and he became furious.

"False!" he echoed, fiercely.
"Yes, an infamous lie!" responded Gifford.

Stung to the quick, Wilson grasped an oar with both hands, and leveled a blow at his companion's head. Gifford evaded the blow, and sprang upon his enemy like a tiger. Wilson dropped the weapon, and the two were closed in a furious embrace. They struggled, rose upon their feet, and falling, were plunged head-long into the stream. The waves closed over them, and the skiff, half filled with water, slowly drifted out to sea. In a moment both rose to the surface, still clasped in fierce embrace. The shades of night were closing around them, but there was light enough for them to glance at each other, and gather fresh courage at the sight. Wilson loosed his hold of his antagonist, to level a blow at his head, but Gifford parried it and grasped him by the throat, and once more both disappeared beneath the surface of the water. Gifford's energy seemed the most powerful, and the pioneer, lashed to fury, seized the jack-knife that his right hand purloined from the pocket of his enemy, and opened it with his teeth, and plunged it into the bosom of the young lawyer, who, with a bubbling cry, released his hold.

Night set in, and the dark waves rolled heavily. As he paused to regain his strength, he saw the form of his inanimate companion tossed about on the stream. It would be impossible to portray the thoughts that rushed

through his mind. Oh! how bitterly did he regret having been so rash. Having recovered his strength, the young man began to make for shore, which he gained.

Two days after, the following announcement appeared in the village *Gazette*:

"A most lamentable occurrence took place on evening. A young law student named Gifford, well known in this vicinity, accompanied a young man named Wilson in a boat ride up the river. A sudden gust of wind upset the boat, and both were plunged into the water. Wilson made his escape by swimming, but his companion found a watery grave."

The dream of happiness of Helena Heath was now at an end. With all the poignant grief that the susceptible heart can feel, she lamented the sad fate of her lover, while she could not repress the chagrin she felt at the idea that some adventurous favorite of her father would usurp the pre-eminence that she had given him.

Nearly two years passed, and Helena Heath still remained unmarried. Old Heath had selected young Wilson for his future son-in-law, and he sought to commend him to his daughter; but, meeting with indifference and denial, he resolved to select from the large circle of the hardy and athletic young men, the one whose feats were the greatest, and compel her to receive him as her lord.

At last the day came for the allotted trial, and to the spot marked out for the rendezvous many an eager aspirant came. Among these was a newly arrived settler, who had often made the sinewy and bold look pallid with envy at his success.

The first trial was that of leaping. One by one the competitors joined in, until a perfect Ajax in limb reached seventeen feet. This settled the question; still, notwithstanding this proof of his prowess, the old hunter seemed dissatisfied at the idea of marrying his daughter to such a stranger. He resolved to become better acquainted with his strength and skill, and suddenly turning, he said:

"Come, boys, let's have a little rifle practice—two shots apiece, remember."

A painted nail was partly driven into a tree. The heroes of the other exercises made trial, but were wide from the nail's head. The stranger rubbed his hands, and seizing the rifle, took rapid aim. The nail was driven into the tree.

The unknown marksman once more fired; the nail's head was bent double. This was more than the rival, who was no other than young Wilson, could bear, and he walked off.

All congratulations were offered the lucky victor. Old Gabriel Heath placed the hand of the reluctant Helena in his; but she still, treasuring the memory of him whom she had so much admired, and who had opened her mind to the world of intellectual beauty, remonstrated against her father's choice, to no purpose.

For some time the victor visited the abode of the hunter, chatted with him, and walked with the daughter. They talked long and fervently together, and he spoke in glowing terms of his love for her. She started at this, for the image of her lost lover seemed to rise and rebuke her.

"You love another, then?" said he. "Remember that I won you by my prowess."

"These words in some tones might have made her indignant; but now they only tended to dissipate her reserve, as she replied:

"What you have said is true. I owe the richest and deepest debt to another who translated to me the mysterious teaching of nature. I ought to love him, and though he is forever lost to me, yet while I exist, I will live for no other but him."

While she was thus speaking, the hunter was regarding her with the same curious expression, which hardly became a rejected lover. She was turning from him, when he detained her, and said:

"This was the young lawyer, Gifford, was it not?"

"It was," she replied, looking in his face, where the smile had settled into anxiety.

"Blessings on you for that word!" he cried, "I am the long lost one—the rescued and the redeemed!"

It was indeed young Gifford, who, through an unseen and mysterious Providence, had not been drowned, but was saved from a watery grave by a fisherman, whose kind care had restored him to life and strength.

He told her how he had returned to the village just in time to hear of the wager of prowess for her hand; and, confident that he should be brought to her again, he assembled himself and gained the victory.

It is needless to say that the joy of meeting him of whom he supposed himself the murderer, was so great, that Wilson thought but little of the refusal that he ultimately received from Helena. He could hardly believe his eyes until the generous Gifford took his hand, and faithfully promised never to reveal the circumstances of the boat ride, and forgave him for his rashness.

The two rivals were rivals no longer, and Gifford lived with the lovely daughter of Gabriel Heath during many years of happiness, and successful in business and generous in thought, he was the pride of the village.

Age tempered the rashness of Wilson, who, after the decease of old Gabriel Heath, was the quotation of his pioneer friends. Thomas Gifford never revealed the secret till his dying day.

AN OX WITH A WOODEN LEG.—A Pennsylvania had this following misfortune happen to an ox:—The animal was grazing near where the farmer was making a fence, and accidentally stepping into a post-hole, broke his leg. As the ox was too lean to kill, the farmer consulted a physician who lived close by, the result was that it was determined to cut off his leg. A wooden leg was substituted in proper time, and when his ox was finally killed, it presented the finest beef in the Philadelphia market.—*Cleveland Leader*.

To the above item the Crawford County *Forum* makes the following reply:—When an editor undertakes to lie, why don't he "do it up brown?" We know a case that beats the Pennsylvania farmer all hollow. A gentleman of our acquaintance, named P. Uke, of Auburn township, had a Durham cow, that gave birth, all at one time, to a two year old heifer that had no legs at all. Mr. Uke took a five quarter auger, and bored holes where the legs ought to be, and then drove in the legs of an old United Brethren mourner's bench. He then applied Dr. Stafford's Celebrated Indian Hair Tonic to the legs, which he bled them over in one night, and brought out the hoofs most beautifully. The animal has since trotted her mile in 1:18 and took the first premium at the last Illinois State Fair. During the month of July, she suckled six calves and gave ten gallons of milk every day. She is to be presented to the late Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, who will know how to use her.

To see if a man is your friend—Make love to his wife.

THE GREYHOUND.—This animal takes the first in rank among dogs; that it was formerly esteemed so appears from the forest laws of King Canute, was enacted that no one under the degree of a gentleman should presume to keep a greyhound. Froissart relates a fact not much to the credit of the fidelity of this species; when that unhappy prince, Richard the Second, was taken in Flint Castle, his favorite greyhound immediately deserted him, and fawned on his rival Bolingbroke, as if he understood and foresaw the misfortunes of the former. The variety called the Highland greyhound, and now become very scarce, is of a very great size, strong, deep-chested, and covered with long and rough hair. This kind was much esteemed in former days, and used in great numbers by the powerful chieftains in their magnificent hunting matches. The handsomest whelps seldom turn out the finest and swiftest dogs. The following were the rules formerly observed in their choice:—In choosing a whelp, weight was the criterion, it being judged that the lightest would prove the most nimble and best. Raw-boned, lean, loose-made, unseemly whelps grew up well-shaped dogs; whereas, those that, after three or four months, appeared round, close-trussed, and well built in every part, seldom proved swift or comely; bitches were also observed to be more speedy than dogs. At twelve months old, begin to try and train them to their game. At two years old, the greyhound is full grown; and the choice of one at that age is to be directed by the fineness of the skin, the softness of the hair; the long lean head, with a nose sharp from the eye downward; the eye full and clear, with large eyelids; small ear; the neck long and bending, like a drake, with a loose hanging weasand; the breast broad; the body neither too long nor too large; the back straight and square, having a rising in the middle; the belly small, shoulders broad, ribs round, with a long space between the hips; a strong stern, a round foot with large clefts, and the fore legs straighter than the hinder.

THE SECRET OUT.—A very imprudent physician has done his brethren a great injury by thoughtlessly divulging one of the most valuable secrets of the profession, while riding to Union Square in the Fourth Avenue cars the other day. "How is practice now? You must be making a great deal of money, for every third person seems to be ailing?" "True, there is much serious sickness, but I get no practice. Seclusion has made the times so hard that people cure themselves by eating nothing."

There are a few bodily ailments which are aggravated, and in some cases rendered incurable, by insufficient diet; but with exception of diphtheria and a few others, nine out of ten of all ordinary ailments are controlled, are arrested, are permanently cured by a wise diminution of the amount of food eaten. This is particularly the case when there is no decided ailment but a general feeling of discomfort or of uneasiness. In all acutely inflammatory maladies, where there is acute pain anywhere, total abstinence from all substantial food, from everything liquid or solid, except hot tea, is the anchor of safety, when not extended beyond thirty-six hours. No one should venture on a longer abstinence on any occasion, without the advice of a physician.

Hence the more a man exercises *short of actual fatigue*, the better he will be, and the sooner and more effectually he will be relieved. Many a time a man has felt uncomfortable, sometimes very decidedly so, but upon taking a walk or ride, or engaging in some interesting work, he expresses himself as having been greatly relieved. Let then, this thought impress itself on the mind, that in the common every day ailments of life we must look for the cause in an excess of blood and other fluids in the body, and that whatever diminishes that excess is curative.

MONEY IN THE SOUTH.—A Norfolk correspondent of the *Richmond Dispatch* gives this graphic picture of the difficulties attending the present condition of the Confederate currency:

"Leaving over the counter, a puzzled volunteer was endeavoring to reckon up the change just paid out by the sleek haired clerk. Before him lay a quantity of mutilated bills, ragged and dirty pieces of paper, bits of card board, printed checks, a few copper pennies, milk tickets, postage stamps, and other interesting specimens of the present outrageous 'coin of the realm.' Over and over again the puzzled volunteer essayed to count the pile of villainous looking currency and over and over again he failed to find it satisfactory. It was too much for his rustic arithmetic; the problem was too difficult to solve upon only ten fingers. The bystanders laughed. The money was spread out upon the show case as young ladies lay cards upon the table in telling fortunes, and the soldier stood before it searching every place. 'Do you call this money?' he asked, taking up a small yellow parallelogram, looking very like the brass card on the top of a sardine box. 'Do you call this money?' holding up an advertisement of fine Havana segars; and this, a bit for 15 cents, in which some weak-minded printer had gone raving mad in different kinds of type—'Good for one shave; (reading slowly) 'Dick the barber.' 'Do you call this money?' The sleek haired clerk was puzzled also. 'It'll pass all over town; indeed it will, sir.' Once more the soldier scrutinized the ragged and inconspicuous pile, and, grasping it in one hand, soliloquized: 'So this is money—money! ha! I call it stuff. Why, a man might hold his hand full, and then have but 37 cents in money.'

A PARROT AND HIS TRICKS.—Speaking of Parrots, a friend of ours owns one, and a very knowing bird he is. A few weeks since, at a dinner party which our friend gave, one of the gentlemen present, who happened to stammer very much, sauntered up to the parrot's cage, and said:

"Well, P-p-polly, what's o'clock?"
Upon which the parrot immediately replied:
"P-p-past four," imitating the stammer so capably that its possessor could not forbear laughing as heartily as the rest.

Opposite the parrot's residence there were some buildings in course of erection, and the men at the top of the scaffold were in the habit of calling to those below for such materials as they wanted—"more bricks," "more bricks," and so on. In a very short time Poll had these terms by heart, as well as the gruff tones in which they were uttered. No sooner did the laborer (an Irishman) relieve himself of a load than the everlasting cry, "more mortar," assailed his ears. He bore it with exemplary patience till the mortar-board on the top of the scaffold was piled up; but again the order for "mortar, more mortar," was given, and then the Irishman fung down his hod, and making a speaking trumpet of his hands, bawled to the bricklayer above:

"Tare an' ounds, is it mor-r-tar mad that ye are? Sure a man nade have as many legs as a centrepie (centipede) to wait on the likes of yer."

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXERCISE, N. Y.—If you are so confined to business, yours is truly a hard case to reach. We should advise you, however, to get a pair of dumb bells, and other apparatus in your bed-room, so that when opportunity offers, you can avail yourself thereof. Walk to and from your business, if practicable, and gradually increase your speed in so doing. When seated at your desk, alter your position as often as you can; knock your fellow clerks down as often as they will get you without getting mad. These and many other little things might be attended to with benefit. Remember, also, that "where there is a will there is a way."

AN OLD ALBANY READER.—The originator of the motto, "Honi soit qui mal y pense," was King Edward the Third, of England, under the following circumstances:—On a court day, he was seen to pick up the garter of a lady—the Countess of Salisbury, with whom it was supposed the monarch was on too intimate terms. Some of his attendants near smiled significantly on the occasion; when Edward, turning round, spoke the words in question, the meaning of which, in English, is "Evil be to him who evil thinks." The quotation is, also, the motto of the Garter, which was originated through the above circumstance.

PACIFIC CLIPPER, Chicago.—At last accounts Master Eugene and Bobby were in England; but we cannot decide that they will not appear in Chicago at some future time. 2. Ben Cotton is engaged at the Canterbury, in this city. 3. The party referred to is, we believe, a son of Mr. C., but he never, to our knowledge, appeared with the original band: neither do we recognize in the list sent us any one that ever performed with the originals. 4. Byron saw at the Canterbury a few weeks since, and George was in this neighborhood a week or two back.

Wm. H. H. West Hoboken, N. J.—Judging from your manuscript, grammar, spelling, etc., we are of the opinion that you have much, very much to learn before you are fitted to "tread the boards." Address or call upon the President of the Nonpareil Dramatic Society, H. Rolph, No. 211 Eighth Avenue, and he will, we doubt not, put you on the right track.

CONSTANT READER, N. Y.—Age, height, or weight make but little difference, neither being absolutely essential to success in the theatrical world. Your taste and talent should govern you more particularly in your choice. A good elocutionist, one who has knowledge of the business, would be the person to advise you, after a personal interview.

B. A. J., St. Louis, Mo.—One party having, by common consent, been allowed to take the "pot," and the cards having been returned to be shuffled, it is too late for either of the other players to put in their claim on account of their holding a better hand. Were such a proceeding once admitted, it would pave the way for any amount of cheating.

FRED COPPERS.—Ed. James was delighted at receiving a note from you on March 17, at London, Eng., dated Fortuna Monroe, Feb. 15. "Should an acquaintance be forgot?" As correct not. He will attend to all your requests, and more too! Look out for a London letter in a couple of weeks at the latest.

FEDERAL HILL.—Zoyara is a man, and was married a few months since to Miss Sallie Slickney; so that the hermaphrodite dodge is pretty well played out by this time. The first season he came out here, the thing proved a success, but gradually the novelty wore off, and now the name fails to attract as of yore.

FAT BOY, N. Y.—I have seen advertisements of such speculators in the daily papers, but would advise you to have nothing to do with them. 2. Be easy, your case will undoubtedly be attended to soon, or at the close of the war.

G. R. J., 624 Regt., Kingston, C. W.—The business "is not in our line." You might communicate, however, with Mr. Harry Seymour, No. 152 Canal street, in this city, who will, probably, give you the desired information.

FRIEND, Baltimore.—Quick does not accompany Heenan on his present trip to England. We hope Heenan may have a man to attend to his interests now, as well as Quick did when he was with the Boy.

C. AND B., Cleveland.—1. In his fight with Morrissey, Heenan was seconded by Aston Jones and Johnny Mackey. 2. Heenan never fought a prize fight till he entered the ring with Morrissey, in Canada.

R. P., Albany.—You must follow suit if you have it. You cannot hold back your Jack, and throw on some card, not a trump, when a trump is led.

J. S. REIDFELD, Chicago.—The best time ever made by Pocahontas is 2:17 1/2, while Flora Temple's best time is 2:19 1/2, but there is this difference: the former was made in pacing, and the latter in trotting.

RECHEN, Louisville.—The largest stake that ever depended on a prize fight was that in the match between Hyer and Sullivan, viz: \$10,000.

SPORTSMAN, Bloomington, Ill.—That Jack Sheppard is not the original Sheppard, and we sincerely hope that he will not have succeeded in swindling your fellow citizens to any great extent.

SCHUMMER, Buffalo, N. Y.—No exception can be taken to your name whether assumed or real, unless it is provable that the alias is adopted for the purpose of fraud.

CONSTANT READER, Cincinnati.—Gaffs vary in length according to the rules or custom of the pit or section of country where the main is fought.

JAS. D. T., La Porte, Ind.—We should take pleasure in executing your commission, but our time is too much taken up to attend to such matters.

FISHING SPORT.—1. The season commences in June. 2. Your second query it is impossible to answer, because it depends entirely upon the depth of water, etc. 3. From 50 cents to \$5.

GAVETY MUSIC HALL, Albany.—Money received and credited. All right.

MILNERS, Providence, R. I.—No. A part of Brooklyn is called South Brooklyn.

MART DAY, Montreal.—Gen. Welsh, the great circus proprietor, died in Philadelphia, in December, 1856.

OLD POP.—The present Mrs. Charles Matthews was the wife of Mr. A. H. Davenport.

ROLEY BOLLY, Boston.—Phelan did not play a match with Berger, the French "Billiard."

S. Y., Bordenstown.—No doubt a match will be the result. See our remarks elsewhere.

JERRY BLOSSOM, Baltimore, Md.—Yours of the 21st ult., arrived too late to be of service.

LESPERARD STREET.—The Chrystal Palace, in this city, was formally opened on the 14th of July, 1863.

C. Philadelphia.—John Diamond was under engagement with Bazaar at that time.

A CONTRACTOR.—The treasurer of the "Heenan Fund" has never furnished the public with a report.

C. A. W., Buffalo.—Three fives and two eights beat three threes and a pair of tens.

WAX, Plymouth, N. H.—Have shown the party your letter, and your case is to be attended to forthwith.

G. R., St. John, N. B.—No trouble whatever. It gives us pleasure to fulfill your commission.

NATTY BLANKS, Albany, N. Y.—We cannot say that we know the man. You would do well to try shy of the speculation.

NINTH WARD TEASER.—1. The fight, in 6 hours 21 minutes. 2. Your other query remains undisputed to this day.

N. M., Newcastle.—The first match between Kavanagh and Foley was fairly and honorably decided, and you are fully entitled to hold on to the money.

CLIPPER CHARLIE.—We never supposed that those erroneous state ments were intentional.

J. S. H.—See elsewhere. It appears as sent, with one or two trifling alterations only.

J. M., Toronto.—Why not give us your name? Such charges should be properly authenticated, you know.

MORS, Whittonbury, Fulton, N. Y.—A deposit as an earnest of your intentions is absolutely necessary.

CLAIR, New York.—All right, it was in time. Call at the office; we have something for you.

W. H. G., Chicago.—There is no such paper published here now.

THEATRIAN, Philadelphia.—Received too late to be of service.

NEMO, St. Louis.—Too late to be of service.

W. P. P.—The President was lost in March, 1841.

COUNTRY MAN.—His address is No. 16 Ann street.

J. H. D. A., Portsmouth.—His address is No. 26 Ann street.

HEENAN'S DEPARTURE for England, full particulars of which were given in last week's CLIPPER, has created a good deal of excitement, as was to be expected. It seems to be generally conceded that his real errand is to give Jem Mace an opportunity to make good his boasts, for Mace has been very free in his remarks concerning the Benician. If Mace is really as anxious to meet and fight Heenan, as reports would have us believe, we do not think there will be much time lost in coming to terms. Probably the sum to be fought for may prove a stumbling block for a time, but if both mean business, this difficulty will eventually be overcome. In a couple of weeks, or three at the most, we may look for news of Heenan's arrival out; and, soon after, a declaration of his intentions.

NOVELTY IN BILLIARDS.—Mons. Morle, from Paris, has arrived in this country, and announces a series of novel exhibitions in the game of Billiards, the first of which will take place at Sanson Street Hall, Philadelphia, on the 8th inst. The cue is altogether dispensed with, Mr. Morle playing with a finger of the right hand. Profs. Victor Estephe, B. Benjamin, and Christian, are announced to assist at the exhibition.

THE GRAND BILLIARD TOURNAMENT.

THE return match between those two famous billiard players, Messrs. Foley and Kavanagh, which takes place at Irving Hall in this city, on Thursday April 3d, through the enterprise of Messrs. Phelan, Colender, and Manager Lingard of the New Bowery Theatre, will undoubtedly prove the nucleus of a very grand affair in the amusement world, since, in addition to it, other matches have been arranged to take place on the previous and subsequent days. One good feature in the affair is, that the surplus proceeds are to be devoted to the relief of the family of the late J. N. White, an excellent billiard player of the old school, who was accidentally killed recently, thus furnishing an additional reason for hoping that the tournament will prove a complete success. On Wednesday, April 2, the following array of billiard talent will assemble in the hall, and engage in a series of encounters, Messrs. Michael Phelan, Dudley Kavanagh, John Deery, Thomas Stone, of New York; Victor Estephe, Christian Bird, Ralph Benjamin, of Philadelphia; John Seeretter, of Detroit; Louis Fox, of Rochester; Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati; Michael Foley, of Cleveland; and Wm. Goldthwait, of Boston. It is also contemplated to arrange an encounter between them as partners, the New York players, with Messrs. Estephe and Bird, to play the remaining six. This part of the tournament is gotten up to give the ladies an opportunity to see the heavy (billiard) artillerymen go through their evolutions, the admission fee being fixed at one dollar for a gentleman and ladies. The scene will undoubtedly be a grand one, and hundreds of ladies will be there decked in their holiday attire, for it is undeniably true, and we have their own verdict backing our assertion, that the dear creatures "do love billiards dearly" and like to see the balls kept moving in a scientific manner, and all are in favor of billiard matinees; yes, that's the term, and we should not be surprised if, eventually, they do not become as fashionable an entertainment as any other sort of matinee. On the following evening, as above stated, Kavanagh and Foley, have their final set-to, of 1500 points at caroms, for \$1000. Kavanagh has been playing beautifully of late, and is in good health and practice; while, on the other hand, Foley, under the tutelage of John Seeretter, has improved wonderfully, we are informed, since his late defeat at the hands of his opponent, so much so that it is hinted that Kavanagh will have to be careful, or this match may result differently to its predecessor. We are pleased to hear this, as the prospects indicate a close thing, or at least, sufficiently so to draw out the skill of both players in full force. Furthermore, if Foley were to win, it would be only turn and turn about, and that's fair you know. The amiable manner in which the whole affair has been carried on throughout, would seem also to make it desirable that the winnings should not all be on one side. However, as the fates decree, so it must be, we suppose.

JACK MACDONALD AND BELL'S LIFE.—There was a time when *Bell's Life in London* held undisputed sway over all sporting men and all sporting interests in England; when the slightest opposition on the part of a pugilist, a pedestrian, a rower, a cricketer, or any other sporting character, was sure to bring down the wrath of "Big Bell," and if an apology was not at once forthcoming, the name of the offender was not permitted to appear in that journal again. The poor pugilist was ruled with an iron hand, and made to do the bidding of Mr. Dowling, at the peril of his great displeasure. But things have changed of late years; and Mr. Dowling cannot now walk over the course as he has done in former times, for his power to inflict an injury has been materially curtailed; in fact, he has enough to do just now to defend himself, for many of those who suffered at his hands when he reigned supreme, are now attacking him in turn, and showing that the once great "I Am," is now but a mere cypher in the sporting world of London. Jack Macdonald, it appears, has incurred the displeasure of this Dowling, because, we believe, he did not betray the trust reposed in him by a stranger, at the battle of Farnborough. Macdonald did his duty in that affair, and is to be commended for it; but *Bell's Life*, for the want of some better excuse, attempts to rule him out of the Ring, by charging that it was through his (Macdonald's) representations that the American press was so severe on Dowling's conduct all through the International Fight. As far as the CLIPPER is concerned, this charge is not true. Macdonald, in his intercourse with us, had very little to say concerning any man in London, and we believe he would walk ten miles to say anything before Dowling's face that he had ever said behind his back. That is our opinion of Macdonald. He has never written to us to say anything against Dowling, and what the CLIPPER has repeatedly urged against the man was founded upon evidence furnished by our own reporter, and by other parties who were present at the big fight. This evidence was given us before Macdonald reached this country, and he had nothing to do with the articles complained of by *Bell's Life*. The truth is, that this journal has lost power since the Farnborough Fight. It has the held no longer to itself. The *Sporting Life* has entered the arena, and has already far outstripped *Bell's Life* both in circulation and influence. The sporting people are no longer at the mercy of the man Dowling and his associates. Macdonald need fear *Bell's Life* no longer. Its fangs have been extracted, and it is now harmless. Its reign as the sporting oracle has ceased, and those who were formerly its victims, can now breathe free.

THE PROPOSED RACING MEETINGS AT THE NORTH.—A few weeks since a meeting of some gentlemen interested in turf matters was held in this city, to take into consideration the practicability of a revival of racing in the North. A report of that meeting was published in the CLIPPER at the time; and although some enthusiasm manifested then, and the project submitted met with favor, yet we have heard nothing since in relation to the operations of those who are supposed to have the business in hand. If it is intended to make the proposed meetings popular, and to invest them with a show of fairness, to which the turf is almost a stranger in these parts, we trust that the public may have an opportunity to learn what is going on among the workers, and who are the workers. If the speculation is to be in the hands of the same clique who have so mismanaged the turf of late years, it were better to let the thing drop at once, for the public will not support such enterprises in the hands of such persons. We are given to understand that some sort of arrangement has been made in Philadelphia and Boston, by which those cities may have the privilege of "seeing the horses," but we have no authentic information on the subject. What the people want is, to have these things brought fairly to their notice—not to have them hid away in a corner of some obscure journal in the interests of a clique. If the turf is to be benefited by these proposed meetings, and if an improvement in the breed of the horse is one of the real objects in view, we shall give the enterprise our support and encouragement; but if it is to be the old dodge, a money-making speculation for the wire pullers, and an imposition upon the people, we shall oppose it to the end. If the managers have a truly honest purpose in view, it is their duty to make their movements known through honest journals; otherwise confidence in those managers will be lost, and their enterprise will turn out a fizzle. A great deal has been said against trotting men hereaway, for their unfair practices upon the turf. Racing men are amenable to censure as well. The latter may move in what appears to be a little better society, and preface their doings with a show of half dozen big names; but that does not make their operations less suspicious than those of the trotting fraternity. Some men with big names are big gamblers, and would no more hesitate to take part in a "dog" at the turf than they would in a "little arrangement" in the gambling saloon. We trust there may be no occasion to record the failure of the proposed meetings.

A SURPRISE PARTY.—The arrival of John C. Heenan in England will, perhaps, prove an agreeable surprise to Jem Mace, judging from his hitherto expressed desire to fight the American Champion. We have a London letter before us, which says that, owing to Mace's inability to get on a match in England, he had almost concluded to turn his face westward, and visit America, for the purpose of meeting Heenan in Canada. Of course, Heenan's departure from here will save Master Mace the trouble and expense of an ocean passage, and give him an opportunity to see the Boy on the shores of "Old Albion." A pleasant "surprise party" will the two Heenans make in England.

MIKE TRAMON AND HARRY LARSEN.—These two accomplished boxers are laying plans of a first class sparring exhibition for their mutual benefit, to take place some time next week previous to Harry's return to the wars. The time, place, etc., will be given in our next.

LETTER FROM THE WAR.

BY THE EDITOR.

PEA RIDGE, ARKANSAS, March 25, '62.

DEAR CLIPPER.—I suppose you have heard of the triumph of our arms at Pea Ridge, Arkansas. It was a glorious achievement, after a stoutly-contested battle. McClellan and Abe were so well pleased with the services I had rendered them in the East, and were so fearful of my overshadowing them by my superior skill, tactics, and combinations in the art of war, as demonstrated in my plans on the Potomac, that they thought it best to send me on a "foreign mission" to the South West. George says to me one day—for you must know McClellan and I are as thick as two thieves—"Frank, don't you think we are getting along too fast on the Potomac? Don't you think you have already sufficiently disturbed the quiet which reigned so long on this placid stream?" I admitted that I had, without exhibiting the least sign of self-adulation. "Well," resumed he, "Abe and I have thought over the matter, and we have come to the conclusion that the public interests will not suffer by your taking the first train, to join our forces in the South West. We have some good Generals there, but they are sadly in need of the valuable services and advice of a skillful newspaper director, like yourself. Abe and I think that you can do us a great deal of good in the South West." I bowed my acknowledgments, in my usual modest style, and stated that I had had such a change in consideration ever since I had seen the success of my efforts to move forward the army of the Potomac. Abe joined us at this point of our interview, and, with tears in his eyes, said, "Mr. CLIPPER, if you continue to carry on this war as successfully as you have done since I took you into my confidence, you will deserve and receive the gratitude of a reunited people." With a vice-like grip he seized my hands, and with the words, "bless you, my child," he slunk away; "while the soldier leaned upon his sword and wiped away a tear." The scene was truly affecting, and many war-worn veterans who witnessed the sad parting, "albeit unused to the melting mood"—were seen to brush their coat sleeves hurriedly across their eyes, as a school boy lazily presses the glaz d cuffs of his ragged jacket against his dirty nose. And thus we parted. How they are getting along without me, you know better than I can tell you. But here, out in the wilds of "Arkansas," we have carried all before us since I took charge. I just arrived in the nick of time, for Price and McCullough had managed to get our forces in a tight place, and were hemming them in. With that natural shrewdness with which I am endowed, I saw at a glance the perils surrounding our brave men, and making a reconnaissance of the enemy's position, I saw that we must fight our way through. By a feint, I distracted the attention of the rebels while I hurried back to Sigel's command. "Sigel," says I, "they have flanked you; keep cool, however, and I will extricate you from this perplexing position by a splendid movement that shall surprise you, while it shall cover you all with glory, or with the cold clods of the valley." In a few words I informed the able German of my plans. "Right about, charge!" I cried, and with a terrific whoop, the entire command dashed upon the surprised enemy, and we cut and slashed them in our fury till they fell like rebel sheep before us. "Give 'em hell, boys," said I, seizing the sword of a dying rebel, for mine had twice been shot away, together with three thorough-bred horses that had been shot from under me, which horses I had intended to enter for the approaching races in your neighborhood. At the sound of the stentorian tones of my piercing voice, onward flew the rebels, and onward pressed our forces in pursuit. Leaving this portion of our army to harass the retreating hordes, I seized a sleek-looking horse that stood quietly grazing by the roadside, and leaping upon his bare back, I flew to the succor of our right wing, and here the carnage was frightful. My presence infused new life into our troops, and as they saw the beautiful plumage of the quill pen behind my ear, all bathed in blood, they became wild with joy, and did the most daring deeds of valor to gain my notice and encouragement. The proprietor of the "Pea Ridge Hotel," a whole-souled man, invited me to partake of the hospitalities of his house, but I scornfully said, "where my soldiers sleep, there will I lie;" but being over-persuaded, and not wishing the worthy proprietor to think that I did not consider his hotel good enough for me, I accepted his kind invitation, and expect to remain there three weeks. But to the battle. To still further incite my "bold buccanniers of the main," I leaped from my charger, and seizing the glorious standard of our more glorious Union, I raised it aloft with my own hand, and while it fluttered in the breeze, I cried—"O, men; on for your homes and fire-ides; on for the green graves of your sties, and so forth;" and as I spoke, I led the gallant men to another charge. The artillery of the cannibals before us was mowing us down like chaff before "the battle and the breeze;" but, undaunted, I pressed forward with "the brave companions of my youth" close behind me. With a sabre in one hand, my blood-stained pen in another, and our flag in another, I rushed upon the rebel artilleryists just as they were about to give us a raking shot. "Up and at them, men!" said I. The rebels, supposing I had cried, "Up and at them," became panic stricken, and fled from their guns. I turned their own artillery upon them, and slow the rebel hordes as they obstructed my triumphant progress. And here commenced the rout of the enemy, Bull Run was nothing to it. To the right and to the left, front and rear, from whatever point the rebels could catch a glimpse of my bold and bloody pen, they rushed pell-mell from my terrible presence. I chased them a few miles whitherso'er they fled, but night coming on, I slept my men on the battle field, while I, not to be thought proud or haughty, took up my quarters at the comfortable hostelry of the worthy landlord of the Pea Ridge Hotel; and here allow me to say—now that the din of the battle is over, and the rebels sleep their last sleep upon the gory slopes of the majestic Ridge—that this hotel is a first class house, its landlord the prince of good fellows, the table all that the most fastidious could desire, while bed-bugs have no abiding place within its sacred walls. And to show the kindness of the landlord, I might incidentally mention that, in consideration of my voluntary and unbought puff of his house, which, by the way, I would have referred to under any circumstances—he refuses to accept a single cent for the time I have spent there. He says it is an honor to have me in his house. And thus ended the battle of Pea Ridge. I was slightly shot—not by the enemy, but by my own pistol—which accidentally went off as I was drawing it by the muzzle from my trousers pocket. Farewell, DEAR CLIPPER—in my next I shall give you some glorious news from another section of our re-possessed and re-occupied country.

ANOTHER EGG DEMONSTRATION.—Another clown has been playing his pranks upon a loyal stage, and another clown has been treated to a shower of dubious eggs, and made to hide himself away from the fury of a too-long outraged and confounding public. The first clown who received these extraordinary tokens of the feelings of a loyal people, was Dan Rice, in the city of Philadelphia; the second mountebank was Wendell Phillips, in Cincinnati. This last, who has shown himself so valiant in the East, who has denounced our government and the Constitution, time and again, attempted it once too often when he appeared before a Cincinnati audience. His treachery was so barefaced that even those who formerly sympathized with the cause he espoused, were disgusted with the man and his reasonable doctrines, and they arose in their might, hissed him, booed him, and egged him, until he was only too glad to slink away, like a detected thief. This Phillips is no better than Jeff Davis, and the one is as guilty of treason as the other. That he has been permitted to utter his damnable doctrines in the Middle States is what surprises us. Should he attempt to repeat them, we predict a warm reception for the "dark agitator."

COMING.—The season for outdoor sports is fast approaching, and in a few weeks more we shall have our play grounds in readiness for those who delight in games with the bat and ball, while our boating friends will once more try their swift little shells upon the surface of the "sunny waters." The prospects for a lively season are good, and we have every reason to believe that we shall have better times the present year, than we had during the past.

SPRINT LICENSE.—Some of the dispensers of the "rubby," in London, have considerable trouble about their sprint licenses. Ned Langham expected to lose his, at last accounts, and heartily wished that he had Edwin James, Queen's Counsel, now in this country, to intercede for him, "as once he had before." Young Ben Caunt was expecting a sprint license. He keeps the old place of his father's.

THAT AND THAT.—We have been puzzling our brains for some time trying to put that and that together, but we are completely "flabbergasted." The *Sporting Life* of March 19, all the way from England, says that they have learned by letter to an American gentleman in London, that James Quick, one of the seconds of Heenan at the Farnborough battle, had died suddenly at his residence in New York, while at the same time we have laying before us, a programme of the sparring exhibition for the benefit of Yankee Sullivan's mother, which has his name included in the list of volunteers to appear and set-to. How is this? Are there two James Quicks; or, did that letter to that American gentleman kill him before his time had come; or, is he going to do the mile after having "shuffled off this mortal coil." How is it? Who will unravel the mystery?

A GOOD MOVE.—As we have already stated was likely to be the case, a meeting to organize a Bowling Club will be held on Wednesday evening, 9th inst., at the House of Lords, corner of Houston and Crosby streets, at half past 7 o'clock, P. M. Parties desiring information respecting this game, or the organization, prior to the meeting, can obtain it by addressing Mr. Henry Sharp, at No. 216 8th Avenue, N. Y. Gentlemen who intend to become members of the club, will please report themselves at the above meeting. This is a good effort to promote a wholesome sport, and we hope it will meet with every success.

MACE AND KING'S BENEFIT.—We are in receipt of a full and graphic account of the benefit of the above named pugilists, which took place in London, Eng., on March 10th, from our regular correspondent, Mr. Edwin James. In consequence, however, of its length, and from its non-arrival until just previous to our going to press, we are compelled to defer it until next week. It is hardly necessary for us to say to our readers, that "it is good enough to keep." Look out for it in our next.

THE EARL'S HEIRS.—This is a late publication credited to the author of *Earl Lynne*. This latter named work is probably one of the best issued from the press of late years. We do not recognize the same author, however, in the later production, the "Earl's Heirs." It seems to have been written in quite a different style, and though very interesting, fails to enchain the reader's attention to such a degree as is done by "Earl Lynne." T. B. Peterson & Bro's, Philadelphia, are the publishers, and F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, the New York agent. It is published in paper covers, price 50 cts.

FOLEY IN TOWN.—This gentleman, in company with several friends, made a friendly call at the CLIPPER office on the afternoon of Monday, 31st ult. He looks very well, and reports himself as being well, and will, without a doubt, play well in his forthcoming matches. It pleased us to be introduced to him by his (to be) opponent, Kavanagh, as it exhibits a phase in match making that we would have more extensively copied. Manly rivalry is to be commended; capacious animosity, much to be condemned.

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

NED JAMES TO CHARLEY CLIFTON, ESQ.

LONDON, Eng., March 4, 1862.
DEAR SIR.—By the CLIPPER of Feb. 14th, just received, I perceive a very courteous communication taking me to task for certain assertions in my correspondence with Mr. Quers, in regard to the postal arrangements of this city; also, for errors committed with reference to the London Blue Coat School. Your explanation of the "why and wherefore" letters are not advertised here is most excellent so far as the fixtures of London are concerned; presuming you are a traveler wishing to keep up a correspondence, then it is "a horse of another color." The majority of foreign letters sent to New York are merely addressed, General Post Office, and the system is acknowledged to work admirably; at the same time, on looking further into the matter, I believe such a course in this city would be found very impracticable. You will likewise take into consideration that I had then been but seven or eight days in London, and in giving my impressions, did so just as they occurred to me at the time.

As to the "glaring mistake" with reference to the Blue Coat School, if I erred in the dates, I have but to reply that "Hardwick's Guide to London," published at 192 Piccadilly, was my authority for all the statistics. In the matter of costume, it is true I omitted naming the small red leather strap around the waist, and equally correct about the woolen cap, but at the same time I never saw a single instance where the cap was worn since I have been in England. During the Christmas holidays, several of the boys came to Birmingham to spend their vacation, but they always appeared in the streets without any covering for the head. In the course of my perambulations about London I pass the Blue Coat School half a dozen times in the week, and at noon stop to watch the boys indulging in a good game at "shinny;" in the play grounds there are frequently over fifty together at a time, every mother's son of them bare-headed; it is precisely the same on the street; and I have come across dozens "to the manor born," equally ignorant as myself of these boys ever being seen wearing the black woolen cap. I must still stick to my opinion, that there is a deal of trouble in getting in there on the testimony of these wretched lads, whose greatest ambition has been to effect this object for their sons, not hearsay, but from their own lips. It is not everybody that knows a London Alderman, or one of the patrons who gives his £500 annually, and unless friends and influence are brought to bear, the correct color for a poor widow's son are very slim indeed. Those having the power are overrun with applicants personally known to them, and for this very reason, together with the brilliant education they receive on admission, the majority are of tolerably wealthy descent. In speaking of the long and short-haired argument, I sincerely hope it is not true, and your polite note has no doubt satisfied many on that head. The gentleman I quoted, Mr. Sars, was a fellow-passenger with me from New York to London; if therefore he was in the wrong, a few lines from Mr. Davidge, the comedian, would have great weight in reversing his school fellow's assertion. Individually, I can see no earthly reason for his telling me so, unless it was so in fact, as we were five weeks in company and the best of friends; everything else he has told me has turned out correct, and this seems to argue that something of the kind does really exist.

The bit of advice about Phil Sampson came very appropriate and just in time, for I shall keep a vigilant eye on Philip while talking sweet to his bonny helpmate. The very name is enough to make a fellow's knees shake, while if he let his angry passions rise, or hit out from the shoulder, I fancy there would be but little left of me about three shakes, about that your opinion, Charley!

In conclusion, I thank you for calling public attention to matters that interest both countries, as nothing is farther from my thoughts than to intentionally misrepresent the English people. The more I come in contact with the great middle class, the more I find love and reverence for everything American, and God grant there may never be any other than scientific or commercial rivalry between the two greatest powers on the face of the globe. If in the course of my letters you find anything malicious or incorrect, I shall feel honored by "standing corrected."

With the renewed assurance of my most distinguished consideration (vide Bill Seward,) believe me to remain

Yours very cordially,
CHARLES CLIFTON, ESQ. ED. JAMES.

CRICKETERS OF ENGLAND VS. AUSTRALIAN.—By late advices we are enabled to give a brief summary of the four games which have been played in Australia, between the Eleven of England and the Australian Cricketers. The first match was commenced on Wednesday, January 1, the Eleven contending against Eighteen of Melbourne and suburbs; the former eventually winning in one innings, with 96 runs to spare; having scored 305 runs to the Melbourne Eighteen 209 in two innings; the latter made 118 runs in their first, and 91 runs in their second innings. The playing of Old England Eleven, in this match, was fully up to their standard reputation. Caffyn, in his innings of 79, made nine 4's, two 8's, six 2's, and 23 singles. Griffith, in his innings of 61, made one 5, six 4's, one 3, ten 2's, and seventeen singles. E. Stephenson, in his innings of 34, made three 4's, one 3, four 2's, and eleven singles. Iddowen, in his innings of 31, made one 4, one 3, four 2's and sixteen singles.

The second match was played at Beechworth, on Thursday and Friday, January 9 and 10, against twenty-two of the Ovens District. In this match the Ovens men were badly defeated, as they made but twenty runs in their first, and fifty three runs in their second innings. The Eleven made 264 runs, and won the match in one innings by 191 runs. After this match was over, it was agreed that Griffith, of the English Eleven, should play a single wicket match against eleven. Griffith won easily, not one of the eleven scoring.

On Dr. The Ovens cricketers say that the game played by the All-England Eleven is not cricket—it is a new game, and which, unfortunately, they (the Ovens men) know little or nothing. Their third match was commenced on Friday, Jan. 11, and was against twenty-two of Victoria and New South Wales. This match was one of the finest ever played in Australia, and ended in a draw. The Australians scored 153 runs in their first, and 144 runs in their second innings. The Old England Eleven made 110 runs in their first innings, and commenced their second, when the latecomers of the hour rendered it necessary to draw the wickets.

Their fourth match was played at Geelong, on Jan. 20, 21, and 22, against twenty-two of Geelong and District. The twenty-two made in their first innings 111, and in their second 80 runs. The eleven made in their first 128, and in their second 64 runs. The loss of one wicket only. The bowling of St. John, of the English Eleven, in this match, attracted general attention. In the Geelongers' first innings, Sewell bowled twenty-six overs (nineteen of which were maidens) for 7 runs, and took two wickets; and in their second innings he bowled forty-five overs (twenty-nine of which were maidens) for 27 runs, and took five wickets. The result of these matches, especially the third and fourth, prove that in wrestling with those worthy of their country's name, and it would incite the Australian players to obtain a more scientific knowledge of the game.

11

THE STAG HUNT.

The morning is breaking—
The stag is away!
The hounds and the hunters
The signal obey!
The horns bid the echoes
Awake as we go,
And nature is found
With hark!—tally ho!
Hark away!
Tally ho!
Hark forward!—Tally ho!
The woodland resounds
With shouts of the sportsmen
To cheer on the hounds!
The horse and his rider,
The deer and his foe,
Dash by to the music
Of hark!—tally ho!
He's at bay!
Tally ho!

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.
BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

RE-PUBLISHED, BY REQUEST, IN THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
NUMBER FOURTEEN.

PROTRACTED CONTEST BETWEEN

DOMINICK BRADLEY AND S. S. RANKIN,
FOR \$2000.

FOUGHT ON POINT ARMO, CANADA, AUGUST 1, 1857.—0000 SPECTATORS IN ATTENDANCE.

Dominick Bradley, a native of Ireland, has resided in this country for a number of years. In height he is about six feet, and his fighting weight about 190 lbs. The first we hear of him as a pugilist, was in the winter of 1853, when he was matched to fight one Hugh Sloan, of Baltimore, for \$300 a side. The battle took place in Westchester Co., Pa., on the 1st of December, 1853, when, after a contest of twelve rounds, occupying twenty-one minutes, the superior strength of Bradley told the tale in the defeat of Sloan. Some time elapsed before we again heard of Bradley as a pugilist; but at a sparring exhibition given by John Hannon, in Philadelphia, on the 19th of November, 1855, Bradley made his appearance upon the stage, and offered to fight any man in the country for \$1000 to \$5000; it was said that in making this offer he excepted his own countrymen. It was therefore thought, that in thus challenging, he had Mr. Hyer in view. However, a week or two later, Mr. Bradley, in a card, said he would accommodate any one of his own countrymen, as well as others. But the original challenge had stirred up the blood of some of the natives, and Mat Rusk responded to the challenge, and offered to make a match with Bradley. After a long newspaper controversy on the subject, the match ended in smoke, on account of the parties not being able to agree to the place of fighting, Rusk wishing to have it come off in Pennsylvania, while Bradley preferred Canada.

There was considerable talk on the subject of match-making after this, but nothing of a definite nature transpired until the following July, when Mr. Thos. Stewart, who had been on a visit to Philadelphia, called upon us, and stated that he had been authorized by Mr. Bradley to challenge John Morrissey, of New York, for \$2000 a side. What followed, may be gathered from the annexed article, which appeared in the CLIPPER of Aug. 30, 1856.

The following week Mr. Harry Gribbin answered the challenge, and offered to take the match himself, it being hinted that Morrissey did not care to make a match at that time, for certain reasons best known to himself, and of no interest to the public. After a few paper bullets had been discharged on each side, Mr. Gribbin left \$20 in our hands to pay Bradley's expenses to New York to make a match. This was a clincher, from which there was no chance of a back out, and Bradley arrived here in good season, and on the afternoon of the 13th of August, the parties, with their friends, met and signed articles to fight, and \$50 a side were deposited, Bradley receiving the \$20 which had been left in our hands for his expenses. At this meeting, Mr. Morrissey appeared on behalf of Mr. Gribbin, and there seemed to be considerable feeling between Messrs. Bradley and Morrissey, hard words passing, although at parting all was quiet and orderly. It must be remembered that articles had been signed at this meeting, and everything betokened an earnestness on both sides. Something transpired about this time, however, and the stakeholder selected refused to act, and it was then agreed to draw the money down—because, as it is asserted, a stakeholder could not be agreed upon to hold the stakes of \$4,000. This appears to have been unknown to Harry. When the money had been drawn, and the proposed match between Bradley and Gribbin knocked in the head, before the parties separated, a friend of Bradley's stated that there was one man he would like to see Bradley fight, and that man was Tom Hyer; for, says he, "he is now wearing laurels which he never won—and there are Irishmen in the United States who can whip him."

This brings us to the proposed match in which it is erroneously supposed that Mr. Bradley received a forfeit from Hyer. The facts are these:—On Bradley's friend thus expressing himself, Mr. James Montgomery offered to bet \$25 that Bradley would not be in New York on the following Saturday evening to make a match to fight Hyer. The bet was accepted on the part of Bradley. Should both parties meet, then a forfeit of \$500 a side was to have been made. Mr. Bradley returned home, and in a day or two he sent a telegraphic despatch to Mr. Morrissey, informing that gentleman that he (Bradley) would certainly be in New York on Saturday, and he did come. Hastings' house, the place of meeting, was crowded on the occasion, but the hours flew by without Hyer making his appearance. Mr. Hyer stated to a few of his friends that the match had been proposed without his being consulted, and he did not feel it incumbent on him to be at the beck and call of every man. If Mr. Bradley wanted to fight him, he said, he had only to see him on the subject, and he should be satisfied. During the evening, when it became certain that Hyer would not appear, Morrissey said that sooner than Bradley should return to Philadelphia without a match, he, Morrissey, would make a match to fight him for \$10,000. Bradley was about to reply, but the friends of both interposed, and thus the matter ended. Mr. Bradley returning home in a day or two after, having won the bet of \$25.

After this, A. W. Gardner, who was then on a sparring tour, visited Philadelphia, and a match was proposed between Bradley and him; but Gardner, being a stranger in that city, found it a difficult matter to find backers for the amount which Bradley proposed, and after various disputes and much wrangling, this also went off. From the many discussions regarding the merits of Mr. Bradley, it was not surprising that a customer was at length found, and this proved to be a Mr. S. S. Rankin, the proprietor of a public house at the corner of Broad and Rose streets; and this brings us up to the match in question.

Mr. Rankin is a native of the North of Ireland—his height is a little over six feet, and his weight 180 lbs; his age about 30. Until this match, he had not before been heard of as a pugilist. A meeting of the friends of both men took place, and \$50 a side were deposited as a forfeit to bind the parties to make a match, and on the 18th of May articles of agreement were drawn up, and signed on the 26th.

One of the most comical invasions of Canada commenced on the morning of the first of August. Point Abino is twelve miles from Buffalo by a direct line on the lake, but about sixteen by the ferry across Niagara River and the turnpike. The troops on the land advanced simultaneously with the fleet on the lake. The day was very fine and warm, with scudding showers. The scene was quite animating, and although all the smaller craft must have been very uncomfortable, everybody seemed to be fully sustained by the anticipations of the day.

Near the landing is the house of a well-known lover of

sports—Wash. Sloane. Here a kind invitation had been extended for the two combatants to rest and take some refreshments before going up to the ground, which was about a third of a mile distant. On our arrival we found Mr. Rankin occupying the upper chamber, and Mr. Bradley making himself at home in that immediately underneath. The ground selected was all that could be desired, and had already become famous as the field of contest between Harry Lazarus and Denny Horgan. The plateau was level, and the trees on three sides gave it the look of an amphitheatre. Not less than three thousand people were perched among the trees, and about three thousand were on the ground, either on foot or in carriages. As the articles required the combatants to appear in the ring between 12 and 3, shortly before the latter hour they made their entrance, accompanied by seconds and friends. Bradley was dressed as the model picture of an Irish farmer. He wore breeches made of a light drab merino, with ribbon ties turned in at the knees, the usual favorite blue-ribbed stockings, and high-lows. Rankin wore breeches of a dark drab with four ivory buttons at the knees, white stockings, and high-lows. Both men were received with loud cheers, and, after sitting a few minutes, retired.

At 4 P.M. the deliberations for selecting a referee were brought to a satisfactory close by the choice of Mr. Isaiah Smith, of Buffalo. Mr. Richard Buckley, of New York, was umpire for Rankin, and Mr. William McMullen, of Philadelphia, was umpire for Bradley. The principals were now brought into the ring. Con Fitzgerald and Harry Phillips seconding Bradley, and Tom Davis and Rankin's half-brother seconding Rankin. The choice of corners was won by Tom Davis for Rankin. On stripping, the admirable condition of both men attracted shouts of applause. Bradley's colors were red, white, and blue. Rankin's were plain Mazarine blue. At the call of "Time!" by the umpires, all the parties in the ring took their stations, with Rankin at the northwest corner and Bradley at the southwest. At a signal they all advanced to the centre, and the usual ceremonies of the shaking of hands took place. At 4:15 the principals first took the mark for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Both men contributed to make a fine picture of pugilism, in their first attitudes. Some cautious sparring took place on the part of the principals. Rankin made the first hit out, which was put in rather low, but well stopped. More sparring. Bradley put in twice, but was cleverly stopped each time. Rankin made another lunge with his right, but received a terrific stinger on his right eye, administered by Bradley's left. [Cries of "First blood for Bradley!"] By advice of Tom Davis, Rankin straightened himself up, thus presenting a good mark for Bradley's impetuosity could not resist. Rankin made another lunge with his right, and then Bradley put in a stunning first which gave Rankin a clean throw on his hump. [Cries of "First knock down for Bradley!"]

2 Bradley laughing. Rankin serious. A few feints on each side led to an exchange of short round clips, novice fashion, but Bradley soon began to force the fighting, and drove Rankin to his corner. Both had bellows to mend, and Rankin dropped. [Cheers for Bradley.]

3 Rankin came up looking more confident. Bradley wolfish, and soon put in a rib rattler. Rankin began sparring on the retreat. "Come up and fight!" says Bradley. More novice fighting ensued, in the course of which Rankin was caught napping twice by Bradley, who put in a couple of stinging thumpers on Rankin's light-house, which made him reel while Bradley drove him to his corner, where he dropped. [Vociferous cheering for Bradley.]

4 Rankin serious. Bradley put in a lunge with his left on Rankin's postman. More round hitting on the guards, novice fashion. Bradley got some of his put in on Rankin's dial, and Rankin retreated towards the east side, where a clinch and a throw brought Rankin under, and Bradley got him up.

5 Both cautious. Rankin made some effort to assume the aggressive, and began to prosper immediately. He put in a couple of tremendous body blows on Bradley. After a little sparring, Rankin administered an awful crusher on Bradley's right jaw, and a straight driver in the throat, but soon fell with weakness from these efforts. [Loud cheers for Rankin.]

6 Both blowing for time. Rankin began well again with a punger on Bradley's traveling trunk. More novice fighting, in the course of which an exchange of shocking chunks under the chin was made. Both came to the scratch again properly, and some his were made which looked like science. Bradley broke down Rankin's guard and administered a tremendous pothugon on his left temple which swelled up immediately so as to almost blind that eye. The force of this blow also stunned Rankin into a state of wild stupor, and yet he picked himself up with a wonderful degree of dogged endurance.

7 Rankin was leery, hit short for Bradley's body, and soon fell. [Loud cries of "Take him away!"]

8 Bradley laughing. Some pretty fair sparring. Rankin got in a dab on Bradley's broad basket, who rushed in, broke down his guard, and Rankin had to go to prayers. [Some gutturing in the bets.]

9 Rankin spread himself for business, and put in some body drives which made his opponent quail. Some very warm words were exchanged on the letter-box of each, enough to shake out the very riles. Bradley then rushed in with a weaving motion of his guard, and screwed his man over to the ropes, where he beat down Rankin's guard, who then fell, exhausted.

10 A more retreating dance on the part of Rankin. A chop blow from Bradley, and Rankin down. [A smart shower of rain.]

11 Rankin tried his favorite line, but took the measure of an unmade grave" forwards. [Some very bright sunshine.]

12 Rankin was almost blind of the left eye. Bradley began to drive him out of his shady corner and take possession of it himself, thus forcing Rankin to face the sun with what eyesight he had left. Rankin began well, however, and some smart exchanges were made, when Bradley's favorite line, "He's a good one!" was repeated. Rankin's left eye, which, as it bled freely, did not swell like the other Rankin fell, much exhausted, and Bradley began to pipe a little. [Cheers on both sides.]

13 Bradley put in one of his rushers on Rankin's guard, and down the latter went. [A few trifling bets, even on each side.]

14 Bradley put in a couple of smart punches on Rankin's nose, and Rankin began to reel. He stood up well to his work, and delivered a smasher on Bradley's right jaw, and another on his smeller, which made Bradley pause to consider. He soon rallied, however, and beat down Rankin's guard, and Rankin had to go down. [Cries of "Give Rankin three cheers!" and down it was with a will.]

15 Rankin retreated, and Bradley followed him, and put in one on Bradley's throat. Bradley hammered down his guard, and he had to go to worship with regard to forms of prayer.

16 Both men looked business like. Rankin put in a rattler among Bradley's kitchen furniture, and Bradley returned the compliment on Rankin's dial with such effect as to knock his whole clock case over. [Vociferous cheers for Bradley.]

17 and 18. These two rounds brought the fight to a shape which was so often repeated that we shall avoid much tedious repetition by referring to them as models. This shape seems to have been induced by the success of the case on the part of Bradley, who was pushed on the first half dozen rounds that his only chance for success lay in prolonging the fight so as to weaken Bradley, or if the worst came to the worst, should that indomitable degree of endurance which Rankin unquestionably possesses. Bradley would walk leisurely out of his corner looking around as much as to say—Is there any fighting to be done here? He then would stand at the scratch, and Rankin (who was almost invariably held, beaten or fifteen seconds by the fitness of Tom Davis) would then face him. Bradley would begin to saw wood immediately, Rankin would retreat out of his own shade into the very sunshine which had fallen to Bradley's lot, and then Bradley would hammer down Rankin's guard until the latter had to go down. There being no second points in such rounds, the latter would be obliged to rise.

19 An interesting rally. A tremendous lunge from Bradley was countered on Rankin's right elbow. Bradley got away well, put in a chop, and Rankin went down. [Tremendous cheering.]

20 Some pretty sparring and very neat stops. Some signs of a clinch, but no throw, for Rankin shut up like a jack knife.

21 A retreating dance entirely around the ring. Some open-handed taps exchanged. Rankin down. Been fighting 30 min.

22 After some neat stopping, Bradley administered a but blow on Rankin's cheek which started the claret right and left, and forced the receiver. [Cries of "Let the claret help his blind eye!"]

23 and 24. Like 18 and 19. In both these rounds Rankin fell at Bradley's corner, and what made the circumstances more comical was the fact that he lay in such a position that Bradley could not get in himself. This caused roars of laughter, in which Bradley joined, although he needed recruiting. The umpire allowed a minute's time in each case.

25 Rankin made one lunge, but fell forwards. Bradley stood still and looked down upon his opponent, laughing.

26 Some good stops and smart exchanges. Bradley got no blood.

27 Some good stops and smart exchanges. Rankin fell, shouting blood.

28 Bradley gave a flush hit on the cheek which forced Rankin with an abundance of claret. [Much cheering going on outside.]

29. Like 18 and 19.

30. Rankin delivered a lightning express package on Bradley's

sign-board, which staggered the receiver, and then a blow to the

back sent him into the air, where he fell, and made Bradley

look somewhat inclined to be pious, or at least make some sign of

piety, but he soon sent out his left with crushing force, and Rankin

went down.

31. Rankin still seemed very anxious to get in that left of his.

Rankin aimed for his forehead, but his shot went wide, and he

here complained of a wound on his forehead, and Rankin from one

of the spikes in Bradley's fighting shoes. Bradley also showed a

semi-circular scratch received on his left shoe in a similar way.

But Rankin's was a severe wound, and bled freely. [Committee of

the Whole in discussion.]

32 to 34. Like 18 and 19, accompanied with open-handed

chops.

35. This was also similar, but Bradley backed Rankin to the

ropes, and then seemed not to know what to do with him, especially as Bradley was just then very weak. He allowed Rankin to fall forwards.

36, to 38. In all of these Rankin made one lunge with his right and the left forwards. In the last he hit Bradley below the belt while in the act of falling. Bradley's seconds claimed a foul blow, but Mr. Smith saw the circumstance, and did not allow the claim.

39. Rankin tried to use his left, partly fell, got up again, let fly, and fell straight out. Bradley laughing.

40. Some smart exchanges. Rankin put in a severe throtter, fell on one knee, got up, and sent a regular thunderbolt on Bradley's right eye. Bradley thought proper to retire, and Rankin then walked to his own corner. The seconds on either side seemed quite unprepared for such a demonstration.

41. Rankin began well with a straight one from his left and then a lunge with his right, but fell while delivering the latter.

42. Rankin put in his left very effectively three times on Bradley's body. Bradley got no blood. A short rally of in-fighting ensued, and gradually Rankin's guard was lowered, and he fell.

43 to 45. Like 18 and 19. Rankin very weak.

46. Much chaffing from Bradley. "Come up and fight!" said he. Rankin was advised by Tom Davis to stand up straighter. He did so, and assumed the aggressive so well as to put in a regular bill-sticker on Bradley's front fence, and a couple of open-handed smashes on his leather box. Bradley wound around as if clambering up some very steep stairs, and delivered a couple of straight stingers on Rankin's front fence, the last of which straightened him out. [Great "sensations" as the French say.]

47. Rankin put in a lunge with his right, and recovered himself very well. Both men stood in the middle of the ring and did their work much better. Bradley got a chance to put in his awful sickle-hammer left, and Rankin caved like a jack knife shutting up shop.

48. Like 18 and 19.

49. After a few passes Rankin fell, pointing out his right.

50. Rankin put in a regular pavement-rammer on Bradley's right jaw. A running rally ensued. Bradley got in his left, but rather short. Rankin tried to reciprocate, but fell in the effort. [Loud cheers for Rankin.]

51. A brisk exchange of body blows. Another countering by way of Rankin's right elbow. Bradley getting savage. Rankin down.

52 to 54. Like 18 and 19.

55. After much prodding, Bradley made a lunge with his right, in Rankin's fashion, but was said to be too low. A foul was claimed, but not allowed. Another minute given to "wipe up" the men.

56 to 58. Like 18 and 19.

59. Rankin commenced business with a regular staggerer on Bradley's scrag, and made his light-house windows sparkle and flicker. Bradley now got up aggressive steam, and delivered such a crusher on Rankin's leather-box as to split his upper knicker. [Inquiries of "Much claret?"]

60. Bradley says "Come up here!" Rankin hit out but short of mark, and fell forwards. [Cries of "Give Rankin three cheers!"] and they were well given.

61 to 62. Like 18 and 19.

63. Bradley delivered a round swinging blow on Rankin's right (the best) eye, and Rankin fell like a log in a slaughter house.

64. Like 18 and 19. Rankin's right eye bleeding so profusely that he might now be considered as almost blind. He fell, feeling for his opponent. [Tremendous cheering for Rankin.]

65. Two light taps from Bradley, and Rankin fell.

66. Here occurred the only thing like a scientific one-two in the whole fight. They were given by Bradley. Rankin down.

67. Bradley administered a lunge on Rankin's ribs, and the latter fell splitting blood freely.

68. Like 18 and 19.

69. Rankin lunged short of distance, and fell forwards.

70. Rankin stumbled twice from weakness, but rallied and shone out very well on the defensive. Dropped in a heap at last.

71. Rankin much improved. Some rattling good exchanges. More sparring. Bradley at last made a chop which glanced on Rankin's breast and dived him quite sooty.

72 to 74. Like 18 and 19.

75. Bradley very wolfish. He put in three smashers on the bee-line principle, and so exhausted himself in the efforts that he fell on his knees, but kept his guard up, while showing signs of early piety. There was nothing to fear from Rankin, who lay all along for a full length portrait.

76. Bradley rushed his man to the ropes. A smart rally ensued, and some smart exchanges were made, but Rankin had to slide down at that. [Cries of "Good boy, Rankin!" and "Finish him off, Bradley!"]

77. After an ineffective lunge from Rankin, and some sparring, Bradley was thrown in a grapple sideways. The seconds were so astonished at such an event that Rankin actually walked to his own corner. [Great cheering for Rankin.]

78. A very good rallying round, with something like give and take. Rankin delivered some brush blows on Bradley's chops which soon gave them a bono promise.

79. This was a similar exhibition of fair and square stand-up-work. Both men had now got well warmed in their harness, and showed the admirable training they had received. Bradley, getting impatient, began his weaving and clambering rushes again. Rankin could not (or did not) resist much of this, and had to go down.

80. Rankin put in a lunge with his right on Bradley's medicine chest, but fell with the effort. [Cries of "How do you like that, Bradley?"]

81. Rankin put in a sickener on Bradley's windpipe, and after some smart exchanges, went down. [Cries of "Well done Rankin!"]

82 to 84. Like 18 and 19.

85. Both men began to revive. After some smart exchanges, Rankin put in several stingers on Bradley's temple. That individual began to use his cranium left, and Rankin had to succumb.

86. Like 18 and 19. At the close, Bradley was so exhausted that he fell across Rankin's corpus. [Much laughter.]

87. Rankin received an artillery crash on his right jaw, and spit out much of the ruby. Bradley got to laughing, and Rankin got to grass. [Cries of "Give Rankin some more cheers!"]

88. Bradley came up gaily, but found that he needed a nose-wipe almost as much as Rankin. He managed to get at Rankin's best (the right eye again) and seemed quite glad when Rankin fell.

89 to 91. Like 18 and 19. In the last, Rankin stumbled backwards. [Very heavy shower.]

92. Bradley administered another crusher on Rankin's lower jaw, and the latter fell like a log.

93. Like 18 and 19. [Remarkably hot and bright sunshine.]

94. One of the best rounds in the whole fight. Three distinct rounds of smart art and exchanging. At last, Rankin went down from the force of a swing blow given by Bradley's right.

95 to 119. Like 18 and 19, with the addition that Rankin stood up and delivered better, notwithstanding the dreadful state of his eyes ever since the sixth round. [More showers, but the faithful remained.]

120. Rankin got rather assay with his mauls, and Bradley then

gave one of those tremendous swings with his right which generally swept the board.

121. Rankin got in two demonstrators on Bradley's dial, when

Bradley at last dived him at his own corner.

122. Bradley was similarly situated in this round. As he made

his swing, Rankin began to fall, and Bradley had hard work to keep

himself from giving what might have been a foul blow, but he

saved himself handsomely.

123 to 142. Like 18 and 19.

143. A fine round, well fought, and nearly all in the middle of

the ring, until Rankin dropped with exhaustion.

144. Rankin began well, but being so blinded with claret, Bradley

gave him almost an exterminator on the cheek, which started more

of the claret. [Cries of "Take him away!"]

145 to 147. Rankin lunged with his right, and fell forwards, short

of distance.

148. In this round, Rankin continued to lunge, as he could not

see to do anything else, and this time he gave Bradley a regular

gust burst on the ribs before falling.

149. Rankin got in one on Bradley's breast, but Bradley got his

awful left at work, and Rankin had to jack knife his knees again.

150. Another lunge from Rankin, who fell forwards.

151. Another lunge, which Bradley declined to accept, and a brisk

round of sparring and dodging brought Rankin down.

152 and last. At the call of "Time!" Rankin fell without being

able to strike a blow. Bradley, amid deafening cheers, was declar-

ed winner at 7:13 which shows the fight to have lasted two hours

and fifty-eight minutes.

REMARKS.

Before we can have great champions we must have great fighters; and these things do not occur in a day. Of the winner, it is no more than just to say that he well earned his pre-eminence. He could force the fighting, but he could not make a great battle. Of the loser, we may as truly say that his display of manly endurance proves that although he lost the fight, he need not have been under any apprehension of losing a friend.

ZAMPILLAEROSTATION.

At Prestonburg, and at Dineville, too, The rebs some wondrous flap paps there, Outstripping by their tours de force The Union Victors—foot and horse. Of all acrobatic feats, Performed by Chivalry's athletes, There's nothing that has equalled yet The late Kentucky Somers.

SWANS.—The swans at the Jardin d'Acclimatation, Paris, are now the principal attractions of the place. There is the domestic swan, with red beak and white body; the wild swan, with black and yellow beak, from the north of Europe; the black-necked swan, from South America; and the black swan, from Australia. The first of the species that were brought to France were presented to the Empress Josephine, who sent them to Malmesbury, previous to her divorce; and these are her descendants.

VERY TRUE.—A promising young man may do very well, perhaps, but a paying one much better.

WHERE THE FRENCH LADIES CARRY UMBRELLAS.—A German traveller recently returned from Africa, states that a wealthy Arab, residing near the frontiers of Morocco, lately paid his first visit to Algiers, and was present at a ball. On his return home he said to his wife:—"What strange creatures those French women are! Would you believe it?—they absolutely carry an open umbrella under their petticoats!" Our Arabian friend would not have had occasion to alter his opinion, we opine, had he been at the ball at the St. Nicholas hotel last week.

GOURAUD'S LIBRARY OF ROMANCE.

HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO XIX.
The third, Malvina, was a haughty donna,
But lovely as the skies e'er looked upon;
Her red lips curled with scorn—and, on my honor,
Her black eyes blazed like diamonds in the sun,
Where'er a flash of anger came upon her—
And, sooth to say, quite often there was one!
Erect in stature as majestic Juno,
(The wife of Jupiter, as I and you know.)

A clear, white, smooth and brilliant skin—such as GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, is sure to impart, is admirably contrasted and set off by a head of rich,